

A LATELY TIME IN NORTH CAROLINA.
The Daily News, published at Raleigh, N. C., devotes a half column or so to a human story. It tells of how a young man went courting, but was seriously disturbed by the sudden advent of a bull which all the family were quietly enjoying their supper. Here is the narrative just as we find it:

"Wednesday night during the hard rain, one of our young salesmen quietly sat at the table beside his intended at the residence of her father, a worthy citizen of the Eastern Ward. All were seated at the table with heads bowed down, receiving the blessing of Mr. — when their peace and quiet of mind was disturbed in a measure more ridiculous than refined, and more serious than amusing to all concerned. As if prompted by the devil himself a neighbor's bull, uninvited, had paid a visit to the cow-pen, and back-yard of the house on the same evening, and in making free and easy with things in general and helping himself to what ever came within his reach, his head being entangled in a basket, he fell over the fence, and his head being fastened in a bucket or basket he cut up— and nothing but a dog with a horse by tied to its tail can begin to equal it. Hardly had 'amen' been said, when a tremendous bang at the door set it wide open and in rushed a big surly bull with his head buried in a bucket basket. The dining room being in the rear of the house and on a level with the ground, his bullship found no difficulty in making his grand entry, and with a powerful surge he upset the table, breaking most of the crockery, turning over the pot of red hot coffee in the lap of our young friend, the salesman, and capsize the lamp thereby throwing the room in utter darkness. Things now presented a serious aspect and sudden destruction threatened all in the room; at this stage of the game no time was to be lost in reflecting; all had to act promptly and take such a part in the fight as his or her judgment might decide.

Our brave young hero, like a sensible man as he is, seized the bull by the tail and held on with Herculean tenacity, while the father of the family firmly grasped him by the horns. The bull began to bellow, the ladies shrieked and screamed, and the young man, cried 'Police!' Police! at the top of his voice. This unusual noise and excitement brought in the yard dog, who was slow in making his appearance as he had to drag behind him a heavy block and chain but when he arrived he went for our young friend like a 'beaten Chinese' and fastened his teeth in the seat of his pants. The young lady with an eye keen for the safety of her intended, pounced on the dog like a hungry tiger on a bleeding lamb.

You can now see the state of affairs. The old man astraddle the neck holding the horns, the bull in the middle, the young man swinging to his tail, the dog growling and shaking him by the pants, the young lady with her white hands choking the fierce bull dog, while her mother with a fit of hysterics lay on the floor as still as a corpse—and but for her breathing one would have taken her for dead— Had things lasted five minutes longer, there would not have been one left alive to tell the tale.

But Aunt Sally, the cook, who, when mad or excited, has more muscle than discretion, ran in promptly for our emergency, as she could not imagine why there was so much noise and confusion. With a lighted torch in one hand and the kitchen shovel in the other, she commenced business in earnest; and you had better believe if ever a bull was known to pray, it was on that dark and rainy night. She made the far cry, and the louder he bellowed the harder and faster she put on her blows. His exit was quick and sudden, and with one bound, he sprang to the middle of the yard, leaped the high palings like a deer, and has not since called again.

She then turned her attention to the dog, and in less than no time made him let go his hold and sent him yelping under the house.

Aunt Sally now became master of the situation, and by kind words and gentle smiles partly restored the house to order; and say 'old master you take the young folks back to the parlor and I will raise up mistress, which she readily did by cold apron, and the use of the smelling bottle.

But our young friend did not tarry long, as between the bite of the dog and the hot coffee he did not feel much in a courting mood, begged to be excused and left in the drenching rain.

Miss Magruder.
We shall never forget that evening we spent at Magruder's, years ago. We admired Miss Magruder, and we went around to see her. It was summer time, and moonlight, and she set upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there that day, gluing up the rustic chairs on the porch, so we set on the step, in front of the rustic chairs, and we could gaze into her eyes and drink in her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue-pot on the step where we were sitting, for we were all so much interested in the carpenter's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but she said that we were immovably fixed to the step. Then Miss Magruder said: 'Don't be in a hurry, and we told her we believed we wouldn't. The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we set there thinking whether it would be better to ask Miss Magruder to withdraw while we disrobed and went home in Highland costume, or whether we should argue to her to warm the poker so that we could thaw ourselves out; or whether we should give one terrible wrench and then ramble off to the yard backward. About midnight Miss Magruder yawned and said she believed she would go to bed. Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objection to lending us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have been entertained by our derision, for she rushed in, called her father and screamed. Magruder came down with a double barrelled shot gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of steps to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock cursed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again and she never rambled away on a dry goods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth and reflecting upon the influence of those upon the emotions of the human heart.

A Temperance movement of great breadth and efficiency is now going on under the sanction and protection of the Catholic Church in this country. Societies have been formed in all directions, the members of which promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, to prevent as much as possible, by advice and example, the sin of intemperance in others, and to discountenance the drinking habits of society, and the elegance of the various orders are lending the whole weight of their teachings and labors to push on the reform. Already tens of thousands of men have joined these societies, and the number is daily increasing.

Cut this Out.—A tea made of chestnut leaves drunk in the place of water will cure the most obstinate case of dropsy in a few days. A tea made of ripe or dried whortleberries, and drank in the place of water, is a sure and reliable cure for a scrofulous difficulty, however bad. A tea made of peach leaves is a sure cure for a kidney difficulty. A plaster made of fresh black ink and fresh tar is a sure cure for a cancer, which, with all its roots, will come out.

For the Chronicle.
MY CITY LOVE.
BY JOHN W. FETTER.

My love, she lives in yonder town,
She thinks me a boor, she thinks me a clown,
But what care I for smile or frown,
Or whether the world goes up or down.
She came from her home in the beautiful town,
To see the rough uncut diamond down;
With dainty foot and dainty gown,
To bring the royal farmer down.

Such her boast to them who own
The tales connected behind the throne,
But, lady fair, to you be known,
He bends the knee to God alone.
Nor e'en love's ecstasies trance
Bends her to witching beauty's glance,
Nor the world's envious and spite,
Nor ought that moves, nor ought that chide.

For swiftly the years are sweeping o'er
Carrying us on to the unseen shore,
And all we learn from human lore
Are the solemn words "We return no more."
Soon, thyself, so strangely bent
With dust of earth for some instant,
Like those that light the secret tent,
And gladly fly from banishment.

But, music and song and poetry,
And all the minds world imagery
Are gone whose words can never be
Weighed in the scale of mortality.
A lovely form he likes to see,
Eaten empty casket years may be,
So like the fruit of the worthless tree,
That grows on the shores of the silent sea.

But if love of God and human kind,
If justice, truth and money shine,
Like those that light the secret tent,
And gladly fly from banishment.
If that which fits the tiger's lair
Finds not of earth for some instant,
Will give life all that love so fair,
Can claim for virtues now so rare.

Nor think of the vain or sneering boast
That may only have been from fancy lost,
Yet trifling tears have often cost,
Nor burning tears have often lost.
And now we've strolled through forest
And glade,
And talked of the changes that man has made,
And listened to music that God has made,
Shall be heard in the deep wood's shade.

Deep in the glen where seldom stirred
The maple leaf, or ever heard
The voices of men, a spirit word
Came from a beautiful dove's word.
That high on a swinging branch above
Kept singing of truth and joy, and love,
Kept swinging, and singing, his joy to prove,
"In Heaven is God and God is Love."

But from high on a tree leafless and bare
Came the warning words "Beware, beware!"
The form that once so lovely there
Is not what it seems, beware, beware!
And the owl's wild, weird monotone,
From that blasted tree his airy throne,
Awakened a voice to wisdom known,
And ever will tread life's path alone.

My love is fair as fair can be
But then she's blind she cannot see
The glories of the forest tree
And much that is near and dear to me.
She loves not the tints of the fallen leaf,
Nor yet the harvest's golden sheaf,
Nor deem the roar of the ocean's reef,
Could rouse her heart to joy or grief.

I called her to see the Aurora Light
That rose and fell in the beautiful night,
Like spirits winged so clear and bright,
But failed to rouse her dormant sight.
No joy for her in the morning dews,
Or the mountain's brow in the sun's
Bright rays,
Or the valley's depths in the moon's clear gaze
Or Indian summer's golden haze.

The glories of earth and air and sea
All seem made for her and me,
And yet she's blind as blind can be,
Although so fair so fair to see.
If nature no joy to her can give
'Tis not with her for me to live,
'Tis not with her for me to live,
And not for me the alternative.

But she's so fair as fair as the May,
Around her mouth the passions play,
And in her eyes the light of day,
Might have the soul from its sad fold.
Oh, why does nature so seldom unfold
In a beautiful form a beautiful soul?
But the ways of God we can't control,
And what we see is not the whole.

Perhaps when the soul on its wings may fly
To the fairy gates in the azure sky,
Much that is dark, and deep, and high,
May lose its air of mystery.
No doubt the glass through which we see
Oh, throw a veil of secrecy
On many things that then may be
Clear as day to the spirit free.

Oh God! when Thon in thine own good time
Will gather us home to a grander clime,
When the naked soul in faith sublime
Stands ready to cross the mystic line,
Or shrinks and shrinks on the silent strand
Of the shadowy dim, mysterious land,
Little we'll think of the tapered hand,
Or the jewels that shine in the circling band.

Little of the city's vain excess,
Little of the country's awkwardness,
Where the country's awkwardness,
Where the country's awkwardness,
When they sneer at the farmers' busyness.
But she's so fair, as fair as the May,
And has the proud imperial sway
That in the pre-historic day
Lest ev'n the Sons of God astray.

For the Chronicle.
MY CITY LOVE.
BY JOHN W. FETTER.

My love, she lives in yonder town,
She thinks me a boor, she thinks me a clown,
But what care I for smile or frown,
Or whether the world goes up or down.
She came from her home in the beautiful town,
To see the rough uncut diamond down;
With dainty foot and dainty gown,
To bring the royal farmer down.

Such her boast to them who own
The tales connected behind the throne,
But, lady fair, to you be known,
He bends the knee to God alone.
Nor e'en love's ecstasies trance
Bends her to witching beauty's glance,
Nor the world's envious and spite,
Nor ought that moves, nor ought that chide.

For swiftly the years are sweeping o'er
Carrying us on to the unseen shore,
And all we learn from human lore
Are the solemn words "We return no more."
Soon, thyself, so strangely bent
With dust of earth for some instant,
Like those that light the secret tent,
And gladly fly from banishment.

But, music and song and poetry,
And all the minds world imagery
Are gone whose words can never be
Weighed in the scale of mortality.
A lovely form he likes to see,
Eaten empty casket years may be,
So like the fruit of the worthless tree,
That grows on the shores of the silent sea.

But if love of God and human kind,
If justice, truth and money shine,
Like those that light the secret tent,
And gladly fly from banishment.
If that which fits the tiger's lair
Finds not of earth for some instant,
Will give life all that love so fair,
Can claim for virtues now so rare.

Nor think of the vain or sneering boast
That may only have been from fancy lost,
Yet trifling tears have often cost,
Nor burning tears have often lost.
And now we've strolled through forest
And glade,
And talked of the changes that man has made,
And listened to music that God has made,
Shall be heard in the deep wood's shade.

Deep in the glen where seldom stirred
The maple leaf, or ever heard
The voices of men, a spirit word
Came from a beautiful dove's word.
That high on a swinging branch above
Kept singing of truth and joy, and love,
Kept swinging, and singing, his joy to prove,
"In Heaven is God and God is Love."

But from high on a tree leafless and bare
Came the warning words "Beware, beware!"
The form that once so lovely there
Is not what it seems, beware, beware!
And the owl's wild, weird monotone,
From that blasted tree his airy throne,
Awakened a voice to wisdom known,
And ever will tread life's path alone.

My love is fair as fair can be
But then she's blind she cannot see
The glories of the forest tree
And much that is near and dear to me.
She loves not the tints of the fallen leaf,
Nor yet the harvest's golden sheaf,
Nor deem the roar of the ocean's reef,
Could rouse her heart to joy or grief.

I called her to see the Aurora Light
That rose and fell in the beautiful night,
Like spirits winged so clear and bright,
But failed to rouse her dormant sight.
No joy for her in the morning dews,
Or the mountain's brow in the sun's
Bright rays,
Or the valley's depths in the moon's clear gaze
Or Indian summer's golden haze.

The glories of earth and air and sea
All seem made for her and me,
And yet she's blind as blind can be,
Although so fair so fair to see.
If nature no joy to her can give
'Tis not with her for me to live,
'Tis not with her for me to live,
And not for me the alternative.

But she's so fair as fair as the May,
Around her mouth the passions play,
And in her eyes the light of day,
Might have the soul from its sad fold.
Oh, why does nature so seldom unfold
In a beautiful form a beautiful soul?
But the ways of God we can't control,
And what we see is not the whole.

Perhaps when the soul on its wings may fly
To the fairy gates in the azure sky,
Much that is dark, and deep, and high,
May lose its air of mystery.
No doubt the glass through which we see
Oh, throw a veil of secrecy
On many things that then may be
Clear as day to the spirit free.

Oh God! when Thon in thine own good time
Will gather us home to a grander clime,
When the naked soul in faith sublime
Stands ready to cross the mystic line,
Or shrinks and shrinks on the silent strand
Of the shadowy dim, mysterious land,
Little we'll think of the tapered hand,
Or the jewels that shine in the circling band.

Little of the city's vain excess,
Little of the country's awkwardness,
Where the country's awkwardness,
Where the country's awkwardness,
When they sneer at the farmers' busyness.
But she's so fair, as fair as the May,
And has the proud imperial sway
That in the pre-historic day
Lest ev'n the Sons of God astray.

For the Chronicle.
MY CITY LOVE.
BY JOHN W. FETTER.

My love, she lives in yonder town,
She thinks me a boor, she thinks me a clown,
But what care I for smile or frown,
Or whether the world goes up or down.
She came from her home in the beautiful town,
To see the rough uncut diamond down;
With dainty foot and dainty gown,
To bring the royal farmer down.

Such her boast to them who own
The tales connected behind the throne,
But, lady fair, to you be known,
He bends the knee to God alone.
Nor e'en love's ecstasies trance
Bends her to witching beauty's glance,
Nor the world's envious and spite,
Nor ought that moves, nor ought that chide.

For swiftly the years are sweeping o'er
Carrying us on to the unseen shore,
And all we learn from human lore
Are the solemn words "We return no more."
Soon, thyself, so strangely bent
With dust of earth for some instant,
Like those that light the secret tent,
And gladly fly from banishment.

But, music and song and poetry,
And all the minds world imagery
Are gone whose words can never be
Weighed in the scale of mortality.
A lovely form he likes to see,
Eaten empty casket years may be,
So like the fruit of the worthless tree,
That grows on the shores of the silent sea.

But if love of God and human kind,
If justice, truth and money shine,
Like those that light the secret tent,
And gladly fly from banishment.
If that which fits the tiger's lair
Finds not of earth for some instant,
Will give life all that love so fair,
Can claim for virtues now so rare.

Nor think of the vain or sneering boast
That may only have been from fancy lost,
Yet trifling tears have often cost,
Nor burning tears have often lost.
And now we've strolled through forest
And glade,
And talked of the changes that man has made,
And listened to music that God has made,
Shall be heard in the deep wood's shade.

Deep in the glen where seldom stirred
The maple leaf, or ever heard
The voices of men, a spirit word
Came from a beautiful dove's word.
That high on a swinging branch above
Kept singing of truth and joy, and love,
Kept swinging, and singing, his joy to prove,
"In Heaven is God and God is Love."

But from high on a tree leafless and bare
Came the warning words "Beware, beware!"
The form that once so lovely there
Is not what it seems, beware, beware!
And the owl's wild, weird monotone,
From that blasted tree his airy throne,
Awakened a voice to wisdom known,
And ever will tread life's path alone.

My love is fair as fair can be
But then she's blind she cannot see
The glories of the forest tree
And much that is near and dear to me.
She loves not the tints of the fallen leaf,
Nor yet the harvest's golden sheaf,
Nor deem the roar of the ocean's reef,
Could rouse her heart to joy or grief.

I called her to see the Aurora Light
That rose and fell in the beautiful night,
Like spirits winged so clear and bright,
But failed to rouse her dormant sight.
No joy for her in the morning dews,
Or the mountain's brow in the sun's
Bright rays,
Or the valley's depths in the moon's clear gaze
Or Indian summer's golden haze.

The glories of earth and air and sea
All seem made for her and me,
And yet she's blind as blind can be,
Although so fair so fair to see.
If nature no joy to her can give
'Tis not with her for me to live,
'Tis not with her for me to live,
And not for me the alternative.

But she's so fair as fair as the May,
Around her mouth the passions play,
And in her eyes the light of day,
Might have the soul from its sad fold.
Oh, why does nature so seldom unfold
In a beautiful form a beautiful soul?
But the ways of God we can't control,
And what we see is not the whole.

Perhaps when the soul on its wings may fly
To the fairy gates in the azure sky,
Much that is dark, and deep, and high,
May lose its air of mystery.
No doubt the glass through which we see
Oh, throw a veil of secrecy
On many things that then may be
Clear as day to the spirit free.

Oh God! when Thon in thine own good time
Will gather us home to a grander clime,
When the naked soul in faith sublime
Stands ready to cross the mystic line,
Or shrinks and shrinks on the silent strand
Of the shadowy dim, mysterious land,
Little we'll think of the tapered hand,
Or the jewels that shine in the circling band.

Little of the city's vain excess,
Little of the country's awkwardness,
Where the country's awkwardness,
Where the country's awkwardness,
When they sneer at the farmers' busyness.
But she's so fair, as fair as the May,
And has the proud imperial sway
That in the pre-historic day
Lest ev'n the Sons of God astray.

For the Chronicle.
MY CITY LOVE.
BY JOHN W. FETTER.

My love, she lives in yonder town,
She thinks me a boor, she thinks me a clown,
But what care I for smile or frown,
Or whether the world goes up or down.
She came from her home in the beautiful town,
To see the rough uncut diamond down;
With dainty foot and dainty gown,
To bring the royal farmer down.

Such her boast to them who own
The tales connected behind the throne,
But, lady fair, to you be known,
He bends the knee to God alone.
Nor e'en love's ecstasies trance
Bends her to witching beauty's glance,
Nor the world's envious and spite,
Nor ought that moves, nor ought that chide.

For swiftly the years are sweeping o'er
Carrying us on to the unseen shore,
And all we learn from human lore
Are the solemn words "We return no more."
Soon, thyself, so strangely bent
With dust of earth for some instant,
Like those that light the secret tent,
And gladly fly from banishment.

But, music and song and poetry,
And all the minds world imagery
Are gone whose words can never be
Weighed in the scale of mortality.
A lovely form he likes to see,
Eaten empty casket years may be,
So like the fruit of the worthless tree,
That grows on the shores of the silent sea.

But if love of God and human kind,
If justice, truth and money shine,
Like those that light the secret tent,
And gladly fly from banishment.
If that which fits the tiger's lair
Finds not of earth for some instant,
Will give life all that love so fair,
Can claim for virtues now so rare.

Nor think of the vain or sneering boast
That may only have been from fancy lost,
Yet trifling tears have often cost,
Nor burning tears have often lost.
And now we've strolled through forest
And glade,
And talked of the changes that man has made,
And listened to music that God has made,
Shall be heard in the deep wood's shade.

Deep in the glen where seldom stirred
The maple leaf, or ever heard
The voices of men, a spirit word
Came from a beautiful dove's word.
That high on a swinging branch above
Kept singing of truth and joy, and love,
Kept swinging, and singing, his joy to prove,
"In Heaven is God and God is Love."

But from high on a tree leafless and bare
Came the warning words "Beware, beware!"
The form that once so lovely there
Is not what it seems, beware, beware!
And the owl's wild, weird monotone,
From that blasted tree his airy throne,
Awakened a voice to wisdom known,
And ever will tread life's path alone.

My love is fair as fair can be
But then she's blind she cannot see
The glories of the forest tree
And much that is near and dear to me.
She loves not the tints of the fallen leaf,
Nor yet the harvest's golden sheaf,
Nor deem the roar of the ocean's reef,
Could rouse her heart to joy or grief.

I called her to see the Aurora Light
That rose and fell in the beautiful night,
Like spirits winged so clear and bright,
But failed to rouse her dormant sight.
No joy for her in the morning dews,
Or the mountain's brow in the sun's
Bright rays,
Or the valley's depths in the moon's clear gaze
Or Indian summer's golden haze.

The glories of earth and air and sea
All seem made for her and me,
And yet she's blind as blind can be,
Although so fair so fair to see.
If nature no joy to her can give
'Tis not with her for me to live,
'Tis not with her for me to live,
And not for me the alternative.

But she's so fair as fair as the May,
Around her mouth the passions play,
And in her eyes the light of day,
Might have the soul from its sad fold.
Oh, why does nature so seldom unfold
In a beautiful form a beautiful soul?
But the ways of God we can't control,
And what we see is not the whole.

Perhaps when the soul on its wings may fly
To the fairy gates in the azure sky,
Much that is dark, and deep, and high,
May lose its air of mystery.
No doubt the glass through which we see
Oh, throw a veil of secrecy
On many things that then may be
Clear as day to the spirit free.

Oh God! when Thon in thine own good time
Will gather us home to a grander clime,
When the naked soul in faith sublime
Stands ready to cross the mystic line,
Or shrinks and shrinks on the silent strand
Of the shadowy dim, mysterious land,
Little we'll think of the tapered hand,
Or the jewels that shine in the circling band.

Little of the city's vain excess,
Little of the country's awkwardness,
Where the country's awkwardness,
Where the country's awkwardness,
When they sneer at the farmers' busyness.
But she's so fair, as fair as the May,
And has the proud imperial sway
That in the pre-historic day
Lest ev'n the Sons of God astray.

For the Chronicle.
MY CITY LOVE.
BY JOHN W. FETTER.

My love, she lives in yonder town,
She thinks me a boor, she thinks me a clown,
But what care I for smile or frown,
Or whether the world goes up or down.
She came from her home in the beautiful town,
To see the rough uncut diamond down;
With dainty foot and dainty gown,
To bring the royal farmer down.

Such her boast to them who own
The tales connected behind the throne,
But, lady fair, to you be known,
He bends the knee to God alone.
Nor e'en love's ecstasies trance
Bends her to witching beauty's glance,
Nor the world's envious and spite,
Nor ought that moves, nor ought that chide.

For swiftly the years are sweeping o'er
Carrying us on to the unseen shore,
And all we learn from human lore
Are the solemn words "We return no more."
Soon, thyself, so strangely bent
With dust of earth for some instant,
Like those that light the secret tent,
And gladly fly from banishment.

But, music and song and poetry,
And all the minds world imagery
Are gone whose words can never be
Weighed in the scale of mortality.
A lovely form he likes to see,
Eaten empty casket years may be,
So like the fruit of the worthless tree,
That grows on the shores of the silent sea.

But if love of God and human kind,
If justice, truth and money shine,
Like those that light the secret tent,
And gladly fly from banishment.
If that which fits the tiger's lair
Finds not of earth for some instant,
Will give life all that love so fair,
Can claim for virtues now so rare.

Nor think of the vain or sneering boast
That may only have been from fancy lost,
Yet trifling tears have often cost,
Nor burning tears have often lost.
And now we've strolled through forest
And glade,
And talked of the changes that man has made,
And listened to music that God has made,
Shall be heard in the deep wood's shade.

Deep in the glen where seldom stirred
The maple leaf, or ever heard
The voices of men, a spirit word
Came from a beautiful dove's word.
That high on a swinging branch above
Kept singing of truth and joy, and love,
Kept swinging, and singing, his joy to prove,
"In Heaven is God and God is Love."

But from high on a tree leafless and bare
Came the warning words "Beware, beware!"
The form that once so lovely there
Is not what it seems, beware, beware!
And the owl's wild, weird monotone,
From that blasted tree his airy throne,
Awakened a voice to wisdom known,
And ever will tread life's path alone.

My love is fair as fair can be
But then she's blind she cannot see
The glories of the forest tree
And much that is near and dear to me.
She loves not the tints of the fallen leaf,
Nor yet the harvest's golden sheaf,
Nor deem the roar of the ocean's reef,
Could rouse her heart to joy or grief.

I called her to see the Aurora Light
That rose and fell in the beautiful night,
Like spirits winged so clear and bright,
But failed to rouse her dormant sight.
No joy for her in the morning dews,
Or the mountain's brow in the sun's
Bright rays,
Or the valley's depths in the moon's clear gaze
Or Indian summer's golden haze.

The glories of earth and air and sea
All seem made for her and me,
And yet she's blind as blind can be,
Although so fair so fair to see.
If nature no joy to her can give
'Tis not with her for me to live,
'Tis not with her for me to live,
And not for me the alternative.

But she's so fair as fair as the May,
Around her mouth the passions play,
And in her eyes the light of day,
Might have the soul from its sad fold.
Oh, why does nature so seldom unfold
In a beautiful form a beautiful soul?
But the ways of God we can't control,
And what we see is not the whole.

Perhaps when the soul on its wings may fly
To the fairy gates in the azure sky,
Much that is dark, and deep, and high,
May lose its air of mystery.
No doubt the glass through which we see
Oh, throw a veil of secrecy
On many things that then may be
Clear as day to the spirit free.

Oh God! when Thon in thine own good time
Will gather us home to a grander clime,
When the naked soul in faith sublime
Stands ready to cross the mystic line,
Or shrinks and shrinks on the silent strand
Of the shadowy dim, mysterious land,
Little we'll think of the tapered hand,
Or the jewels that shine in the circling band.

Little of the city's vain excess,
Little of the country's awkwardness,
Where the country's awkwardness,
Where the country's awkwardness,
When they sneer at the farmers' busyness.
But she's so fair, as fair as the May,
And has the proud imperial sway
That in the pre-historic day
Lest ev'n the Sons of God astray.

For the Chronicle.
MY CITY LOVE.
BY JOHN W. FETTER.

My love, she lives in yonder town,
She thinks me a boor, she thinks me a clown,
But what care I for smile or frown,
Or whether the world goes up or down.
She came from her home in the beautiful town,
To see the rough uncut diamond down;
With dainty foot and dainty gown,
To bring the royal farmer down.

Such her boast to them who own
The tales connected behind the throne,
But, lady fair, to you be known,
He bends the knee to God alone.
Nor e'en love's ecstasies trance
Bends her to witching beauty's glance,
Nor the world's envious and spite,
Nor ought that moves, nor ought that chide.

For swiftly the years are sweeping o'er
Carrying us on to the unseen shore,
And all we learn from human lore
Are the solemn words "We return no more."
Soon, thyself, so strangely bent
With dust of earth for some instant,
Like those that light the secret tent,
And gladly fly from banishment.

But, music and song and poetry,
And all the minds world imagery
Are gone whose words can never be
Weighed in the scale of mortality.
A lovely form he likes to see,
Eaten empty casket years may be,
So like the fruit of the worthless tree,
That grows on the shores of the silent sea.

But if love of God and human kind,
If justice, truth and money shine,
Like those that light the secret tent,
And gladly fly from banishment.
If that which fits the tiger's lair
Finds not of earth for some instant,
Will give life all that love so fair,
Can claim for virtues now so rare.

Nor think of the vain or sneering boast
That may only have been from fancy lost,
Yet trifling tears have often cost,
Nor burning tears have often lost.
And now we've strolled through forest
And glade,
And talked of the changes that man has made,
And listened to music that God has made,
Shall be heard in the deep wood's shade.

Deep in the glen where seldom stirred
The maple leaf, or ever heard
The voices of men, a spirit word
Came from a beautiful dove's word.
That high on a swinging branch above
Kept singing of truth and joy, and love,
Kept swinging, and singing, his joy to prove,
"In Heaven is God and God is Love."

But from high on a tree leafless and bare
Came the warning words "Beware, beware!"
The form that once so lovely there
Is not what it seems, beware, beware!
And the owl's wild, weird monotone,
From that blasted tree his airy throne,